

"Because," replied the
pressed. "I can make

"Because," replied the humorist, very much depressed, "I can make about one hundred and fifty a week at it." "A hundred and fifty a week?" asked the old man, and he nearly choked with laughter. "I'll give you half of his chair," said Grand Scott, my dear young friend, lend me \$10.

No One to Love.

Brooklyn Eagle.

Hearing the telegraph editor say that another wealthy American girl had married a prince, Stuart, the London correspondent of all the Brits he knew were mighty lucky if they got a girl who was rich enough to pay her own car fare on the wedding journey; for himself, he had been spurned by the daughters of three boarding-school keepers, and he desired to marry not wealth, but only credit. And with a profound sigh he stepped lightly to the hook, and lifted therefrom the take which proved to be not the Pick-up for which he had been sidling nearly by the back piece, but a letter, written on both sides of glazed paper with a hard lead pen, interlined half way down and marked "solid nonpareil."

Cause for Thankfulness.

Nurses in hospitals are rather apt to lay too much stress on the advantages received by the patients and their duty of thankfulness, but still it is the poor soldier who suffers the most from always having his causes to be grateful due to his teeth. Witness the following true story:

Chaplain—So poor Hopkins is dead. I should have liked to speak to him once again, and soothe his last moments; why didn't you call me?

Hospital Orderly—I didn't think you ought to be disturbed for 'Opkins, sir, so I just soothed him myself. I could do no more.

Chaplain—Why, what did you say to him?

Hospital Orderly—"Opkins," sez I, "you're mortal bad."

"I am," sez he.

"Opkins," sez I, "I don't think you'll get better."

"I am," sez he.

"'Opkins,' sez I, 'you're going fast.'
 "'Ye,' sez 'e.
 "'Opkins,' sez I, 'I don't think you can 'ole
 to go to 'eaven.'
 "'I don't think I can,' sez 'e.
 "'Well, then, 'Opkins,' sez I, 'you'll go to
 'ell.'
 "'I suppose so,' sez 'e.
 "'Opkins,' sez I, 'you ought to be wery
 grateful as there's a place provided for you,
 and that you've got somewhere to go.'" And I
 think 'e 'eard, sir, and then 'e died.

MAGNIFICENT HEROISM.
The Slow Martyrdom of Two Catholic Priest
with the Lepers.
 The Tablet.
 Father Conrardy, who recently went out from
 America to join Father Damien in his work

"The portion of Molokai the lepers occupy is about three miles long and half or three-quart-

for if the poor lepers thought of escaping very few of them could do so, as very high cliffs separate us from the other part of the island—so high that clouds most of the time cover their

tops. As for leprosy, I don't think it can be avoided if it is contagious by contact or by inhalation, for any one who lives among them comes in contact with them in a thousand ways. I believe there is no more possibility of remaining uncontaminated than for a man to live in a fire without being burned. We have now some

eighty boys. I am most of the time with them, and besides live in the same house with Father Damien, who, as you know, is afflicted with the disease. The disease has a peculiar smell, very offensive.

I the beginning the sight of poor Father Damien, whose ears, face, neck and hands are

ana was troubled with continual headache, but now I feel I am used to those little inconveniences. Everything here is done and handled by lepers. Cattle are killed, meat cut and distributed and bought by lepers, bread baked

by them, but eggs are clean—yes, only the hens eat rotten flesh thrown to them by lepers. Poor Father Damien sometimes will speak to me in a confidential way, approaching very near. Many things that he and other lepers handle have also to be handled by me, but it seems to me that the smell is more injurious than the simple contact. How to live in the midst of them and not

become one day a leper myself, I don't see, I leave that to God, happen what may."

The Volapuk Fad Fading.

Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The "fad," or "craze," or whatever you may please to call it, for study or investigation of Volapuk, has almost died out in St. Louis. A year ago I had almost hourly calls for appointments.

that had any bearing upon the subject of the universal language. It did not last long, however; and there is scarcely a single call for work on Volapuk in a whole week. The subject, I suppose, is too intricate for the average man. In fact, I have never heard of but two people in St. Louis who know anything about Volapuk, and they are Henry Flad, president of the Board of Public Improvements, and one of his clerks. They write letters to each other every day in Volapuk. The book business is a peculiar one, a sensitive one I might say. A

very small thing creates a boom for a book. For instance, ever since the opening of the spectacular show at Kensington Gardens, this summer there has been a steady demand for Bunting's "Last Days of Pompeii." The death of a noted author creates a heavy demand for his or her works. The week Henry George came out here to lecture I sold more than a thousand copies of "Progress and Poverty." Just now the demand, outside of fiction, is for pamphlets and fresh matter on the subject of the tariff.

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